

Use short prayers often. Say a few words in your heart when you begin and end your work, when you are tired, or troubled, or tempted, or in any doubt.

Always have something to do; try to take pleasure in doing good to others, especially to their souls. When you fail, blame yourself; when you succeed, thank God.

Before you go to rest at night think of the day that is past, examine yourself, give thanks to God. Say your prayers devoutly, think of your last end, commend yourself and yours to God's keeping.

Make religion the business of your life, your study, and chiefest care. Happy evenings follow well spent days.

#### Look Up

Lutheran Observer.

There are times in the experience of every person when in dire distress he knows not whither to turn. In our sorrows, in our distresses and perplexities, oftentimes it seems as tho nowhere upon earth could succor and help be found. There are moments in human experience like the times of earthquake and great convulsion in nature, when all the foundations upon which we have rested are shaken. When the great traveler Baron Humboldt was journeying in South America there came one day a sudden stillness in the air, which seemed like a hush over all nature. But that was followed by a fearful convulsion of the earth, which made all hearts quake. And Humboldt tells us that the earthquake within his soul was as great as that in the world without. All his old views of the safety of the earth were destroyed in a moment. Should he fly to the hills for help? The mountains were reeling like drunken men. The houses were no refuge, for they are crumbling and falling, and the trees were overthrown. Then his thoughts turned to the sea; but lo! it had fled. Ships which just before were floating securely on its surface were now left rocking in the sands. Being thus at his wits' end, he tells us he "looked up and observed that the heavens alone were calm and unshaken."

So in human experience there come times when there seems to be absolutely no human help, when we can do nothing but look up, and abide in loving trust in Him "who abideth forever."

#### The Beatitudes

The Sermon on the Mount has been called the "charter of the kingdom of heaven, as its King would have it realized on earth." The several Beatitudes mark the stages of its development in Christian experience. They indicate the good one gets from religion. They simply represent the principles and program of the true kingdom of heaven.—Dr. D. M. Tompkins.

These Beatitudes teach wherein the only true, lasting blessedness for man consists, not in anything outward, not in the gratification of our natural passions or desires, our covetousness or pride, our ambition, or love of pleasure, not in what we have, but

what we are in God's sight and in relation to his empire over our souls.—William Hannah, D. D.

The Beatitudes are *not arbitrary enactments*. God himself cannot change them. While a man hates his brother, God cannot make him happy. Omnipotence cannot give us peace while we hug the worm that does not die, and wrap ourselves in the flame that is not quenched.—Dr. W. R. Wright.

#### Isaiah's Call

Rev. J. G. Cunningham.

Did Isaiah ever regret the hour in which he answered, "Here am I; send me, send me"? Surely not. Not in all his long life, for he ministered for many years, and his ministry was brightened by many a sight of the day of Christ which, tho he saw it afar off, made him glad; not while he was laboring on earth, sustained and enlightened by the Spirit of God; not even when he came to die a martyr's death. And now when among those who have turned many to righteousness he looks back over the checkered pilgrimage, do you think there is a moment which stands out brighter in his recollection than that happy moment when with his whole soul he said, "Here am I; send me," and God accepted him, and said, "Go"?

#### Light Upon Our Pathway

The Churchman.

We are plain men and women, most of us. We trudge on under burdens. Our life is made up of journeys to and from a well, an office, a school, or a factory, and it seems to the natural man a grind, a depleting and depressing routine.

But when the natural man becomes changed into the spiritual man, when Jesus with his life and spirit, with the hopes and helps of his gospel, enters into our hearts; when we drink of the water he has drawn and holds out with his wounded hands, a light falls upon our task like a roseate glow; seen above, in heaven's overarching blue, a loving face looks down upon us from the sky, and He whose face it is counts our steps and notes our deeds, reads our motives and purifies our emotions, and every moment is a sacred earnest of eternity.

#### The Christian's Strength

Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

I crossed the ocean on a powerful steamship, which weighed more than twenty thousand tons, and pushed her way against wind and wave at the rate of over twenty knots an hour. I could not see the propelling force. That was hidden deep down in the glowing furnaces, helped constantly with fresh coal. That illustrates the spiritual life of every strong, healthy, growing Christian; his strength is measured by the inward supply of divine grace. The spiritual force and progress of a growing Christian prove that his life is hid with Jesus Christ. Happy are you if your neighbors who can see you every day can know by your outward conduct that your inner life is fed by an unseen Christ.

#### What the Church Needs

Alexander MacLaren.

Communion with God was never more needful than now. Feverish activity rules in all spheres of life. Christian effort is multiplied and systemized beyond all precedent. And all these things make calm fellowship with God hard to compass. We are so busy thinking, discussing, defending, inquiring, or preaching and teaching, and working that we have no time and no leisure of heart for quiet contemplation, without which the exercise of the intellect upon Christ's truth will not feed, and busy activity in Christ's cause may starve the soul. There are few things which the church of this day, in all its parts needs more than to obey the invitation, "Come ye yourselves apart into a lonely place and rest awhile."

### The Mission Field

#### I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go

It may not be on the mountain's height,  
Or over the stormy sea;  
It may not be at the battle's front,  
My Lord will have need of me;  
But, if by a still, small voice he calls  
To paths that I do not know,  
I'll answer: "Dear Lord, with my hand in thine,  
I'll go where you want me to go."

CHORUS

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,  
Over mountain, or plain, or sea;  
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,  
I'll be what you want me to be.

Perhaps to-day there are loving words  
Which Jesus would have me speak;  
There may be now in the paths of sin  
Some wand'rer whom I should seek;  
O Savior, if thou wilt be my guide,  
Tho dark and rugged the way,  
My voice shall echo thy message sweet,  
I'll say what you want me to say.

There's surely somewhere a lowly place,  
In earth's harvest-fields so wide,  
Where I may labor thru life's short day  
For Jesus, the Crucified;  
So trusting my all to thy tender care,  
And knowing thou lovest me,  
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere—  
I'll be what you want me to be.

—Mary Brown.

#### Livingstone's Prayer for Africa

"When David Livingstone was surrounded by great dangers in the jungles of Africa he offered this burning prayer: 'O Jesus, grant me resignation to thy will, and entire reliance on thy powerful hand; on thy Word alone I lean. But wilt thou permit me to plead for Africa? The cause is thine. What an impulse will be given to the idea that Africa is not open if I perish now! See, O Lord, how the heathen rage against me as they did against thy Son. I commit my way unto thee. I trust alone in thee, that thou wilt direct my steps. Thou givest wisdom liberally to all that ask thee—give it to me, my Father. My family is thine. They are in the best hands. Oh, be gracious: and all our sins do thou blot out.'"

#### The Cry of the World

Judson Smith, D. D.

From Africa's teeming tribes, from India's perishing multitudes, from China's mighty millions, from Japan's throbbing life, from every soul among the thousand millions that know not God, the cry of despair—its inarticulate cry for help—goes up.

This weary world, in all its continents, with all its